





KASTOPHERIA

THE WILL

“Each day is a little life: every waking and rising a little birth,
every fresh morning a little youth,
every going to rest and sleep a little death”

Arthur Schopenhauer

1788 - 1860

ALREADY DEAD?

Noises, these noises
They're poison and catching like the plague
Voices, our voices
They're nauseous and wild

We'll feed ours in the cold

Choices, no choices
We're under the sun

We'll bleed ours when they're old
Sleep together in the rain
Live together in the rain

Noises and voices and noises

5:00

LORDS OF ARMAGEDDON

I saw the final prize submerged in ammonia
The veins burst spilling out lines from a book
They burn up nice and brightly in the night
My dream's dead, gone to seed, sown on the island's edge
On a pretence of letting go of mass pandemonium
It's shining nice and brightly in the night

Caged and chained the lust for all
A silent serpent cuts our throats
And they can keep all the clocks cos we have all the time, blood
Caged and chained us for love
A sullen hailing comes after us
And distant changes grow in between the lands, no

Grey and pale just a whore
This empty chamber once held them all
The end is nearer now after all the lies, bones
Grey and pale it's a hole
Devoid of decency, it's retrograde
It comes in droves to kill us and infect our souls

5:28

INFERENCE

Just like a thorn in the side
Searing and tearing the life inside
It gets old

Rusted and coarse like a scythe
Left out to die never coming back
Bestowed

A love for all even in deceit
Twisted tongue and colour in your lies
A heart of gold, a fever in disguise
High and dry to the wall

Cursed and pursued through all time
Over ripe and callous looking growth of a bygone age
So old

Dusted, reviled and disposed
Embed all our knowings and inferred foresights
Disowned

4:30

ANALOGOUS

Home, it suddenly was gone
Off in the fog it went to twisted clones
With twisted fantasies who played them out

Alone, into the void you rolled
Where apparitions speak and after all
They live in their heads so self involved

Is there hope for another line

Cold, left in a hollow world
A vast array of tyrants out to prey
In this open season at the end

Hide in the underside

Thrown, against a volatile
And vicarious anomaly
In this burning mirror you will die

Is it hope or another lie
Is it hope, unknown

I am the imposter of you

6:30

DEDICATION

MASH
1980-2022

“This album is dedicated to the memory of Matthew Abraham,
a friend and fellow musician who I was once band mates with in
Type 93”

RIP



CONFIGURE

She rolls her eyes as if she would die creeping up behind
The fluid soaks the rags that she bares, seeping like the wings that lifted
up her fallen song

Her fractured mind now forms an ocean drowning out the noise
A parasite has all but decayed the spirit of a soul encased in stone
and fossilised

She rows ashore to read the last rights, leaving out the words
The pages turn to show a lost cause, reading like a will it serves
to show a broken home

Her absent eyes dissolve into void, howling at the wind
She wanders endlessly in the night, her face becomes distorted
and obscured beneath the stars

High above her morning starts to break
High above her lonely paradise
A room of inner loathing
Ones and zeros coating every wall
Here in hyperspace

She falls into a state of despair, verging on the end
The darkness grows and shrouds her in lies
Writhing in the loneliness and space between the lines
Her empty thoughts collapse and reform as she becomes a ghost
The old machine is hollow and dry
It lumbers her with hope, her soul was stolen for a day

5:55

THIS SIDE OF THE GRAVE

Loose ends tied up before twilight
Blue skin dries up as it falls away

Beside your grave it gets cold at night
This side I grow old and watch your decay

I hope you concede to this one demand, just open your gates
I can see what you hold dear to you, it's under your gown
You thought the right aspect would cleanse your rape and hold you to bed
You belong to the worst of the best, you covet your own

Talk it out for the last time as the light leaves your eyes
Decisions you made, I'm lost for words

I hope you concede to this one demand, just open your gates
I can see what you hold dear to you, it's under your gown
You made your last action to turn the page and fall onto words
It's the nearest you'll see to a life this side of the grave

5:29

TO THE LAST

Hope runs out to the sound of your voice
Veins bleed their remaining supply
Oh can I rest my weary head

The final whispers are fizzling out

Please mainline your hope into my cold dead heart
Your love for me
My lust for you
It's to the last...

2:34

SCAN QR CODE FOR LINKS TO
DOWNLOADS & EXTRAS



CREDITS

CAL HALLSWORTH - Songwriting, Performance,
Production, Artwork, Booklet design

DAN LAW - Artwork (Back cover, photograph and grave drawing)



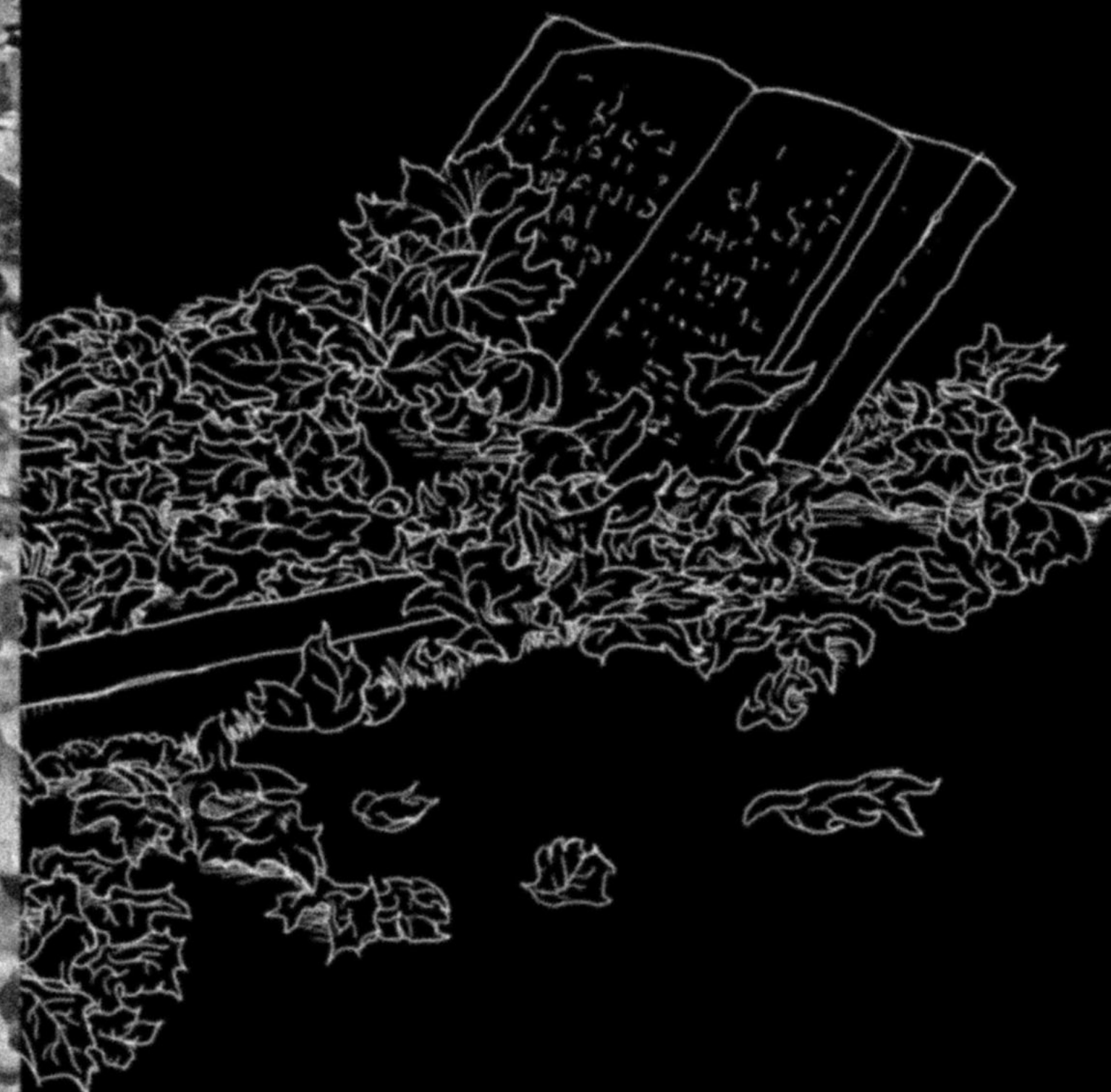
An Act of Remembrance

Dedicated to Mash
1980-2022

KASTOPHERIA

THE WILL

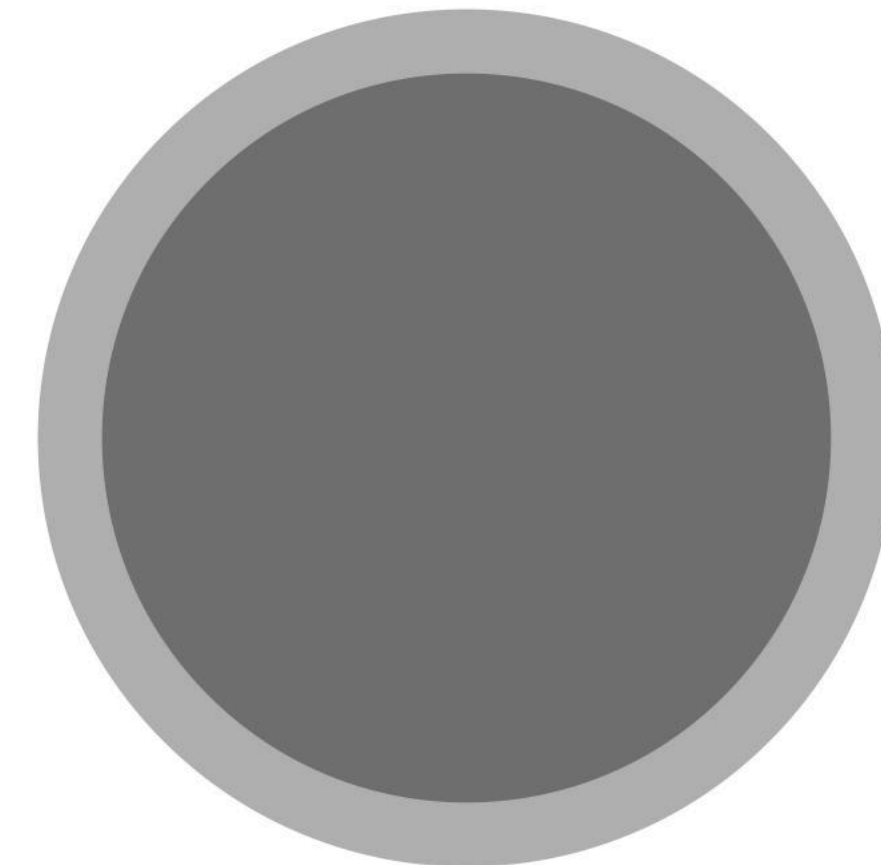
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THE WILL

SONGWRITING, PERFORMANCE,
RECORDING, MIXING & ARTWORK
BY CAL HALLSWORTH
ARTWORK BY DAN LAW



P 2025 KASTOPHERIA
C 2025 KASTOPHERIA
MADE IN ENGLAND

COMPACT
disc
DIGITAL AUDIO

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